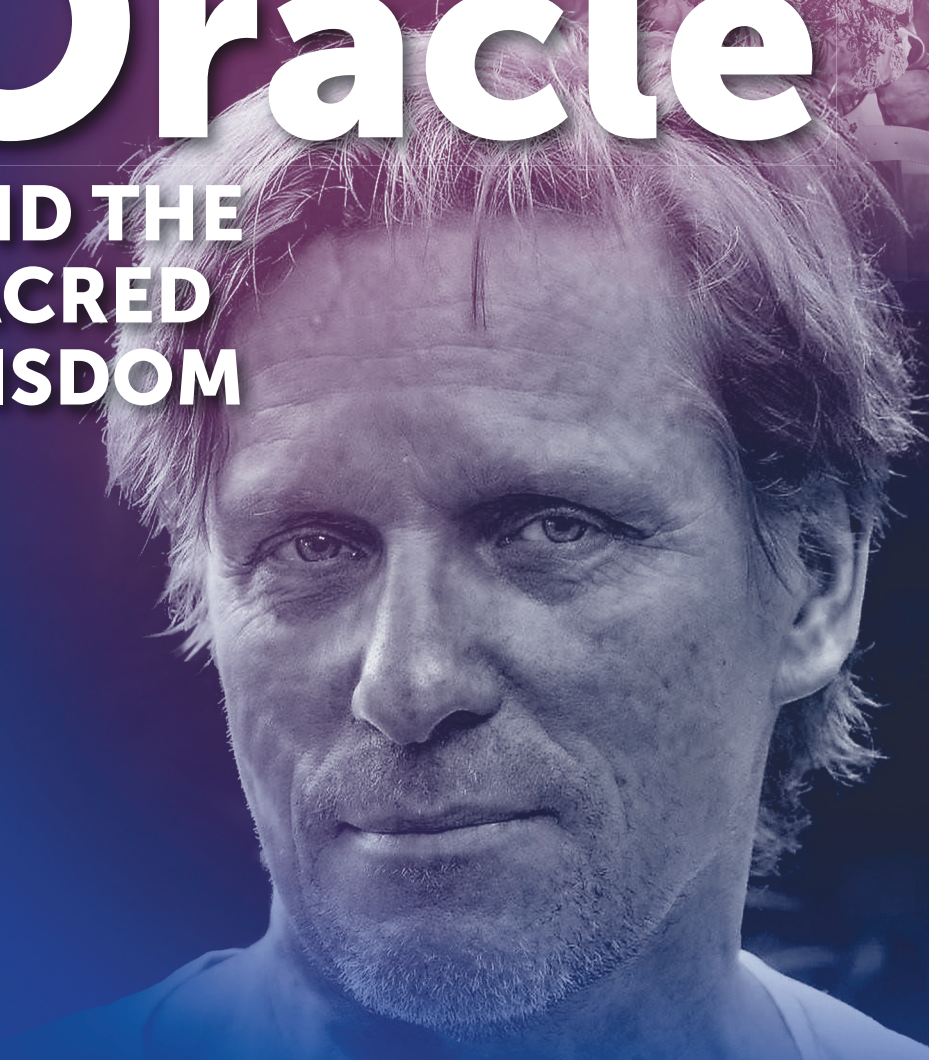


ANUP HENRIKKI TAKARAUTIO

# The Sex Oracle

AND THE  
SACRED  
WISDOM



The Sex Oracle  
And the sacred wisdom

© 2022 Anup Henrikki Takarautio

*Layout and Cover: Books on Demand*

*Translated from 'Saksin Oraakkeli' by Anup Henrikki Takarautio*

*All lyrics and poems in this book are written by the author, unless otherwise credited.*

*Publisher: BoD – Books on Demand, Helsinki, Finland*

*Manufacturer: BoD – Books on Demand, Norderstedt, Germany*

*ISBN: 9789528058540*

# **The Sex Oracle**

And the sacred wisdom



**The story of a man who found divinity through passion  
and experienced resurrection.**

*Our sexuality is the first step back to the ocean of 'God'. The sweet moments of uninhibited physical orgasm give us brief glimpses of what it feels like to 'disappear' into something bigger than what we think we are. It binds us to partners who can provide us with these outbursts of bliss on a regular basis.*

– Yoyo van der Kooi

**Dedicated to the memory of my late wife Maria Maryke  
Takarautio-Brands.**





## *Foreword I*

The Sex Oracle is an autofictional book. The novel is set on a global map of the world. The narrative is an intuitive stream of thought in which dreams and reality merge into one orgasmic entity. As in life in general, a heavenly experience is followed by pain, sometimes veritable pain. The story moves inexorably towards its goal, the liberation from sexual desire and the experience of divinity.

On several occasions in the 1980s my journey to the ashram of spiritual master Osho Rajneesh in India led me to become his disciple. In this book, the 'Guru' is inspired by Osho, the meetings in the storytelling and the Guru's words being fictional.

In 1990 I met my future wife Maryke, to whom I moved from Finland to live in the Netherlands. She is also the personification of Maria in the book. It describes the tragedy that befell us, and the times before and after her death. The descriptions of my son, mother and father and the situations involved in the book are also based on real events. The book also contains many other descriptions based on my own experiences, such as the bus ride from the Ashram in India to Goa.

The novel also contains true historical data, using it as a basis for an evolving contemporary reality. Welcome to a story that surpasses the mundane. In order to clarify the translated context, at times additional text has been added. The book is translated by the author himself, included some unique combinations of words and concepts.



## *Foreword 2*

Welcome to accompany a world of expressions and senses. As we read this upcoming story, it is all about stretching our minds, seeing the prejudices and belief systems in oneself, and embracing the differences in us, the people. Whether you are an atheist, a believer, a sex addict or a spiritual pathfinder, you will inevitably encounter the limitations and also the challenges of your own mind on the pages of *The Sex Oracle*.

After all, the book is a portrayal of human development as a holistic entity, in which the protagonist leaves no stone unturned in his search for the meaning in life. 'Who am I?' is, in fact, the thread of the book with which the reader can identify.

In a fast-paced and at times lively erotic portrayal of the juices of life, the reader is part of the action and cannot just be a wallflower. The setting of the book is global, with events taking place in several different countries in real environments, almost all of which the author has visited himself, the narrative being autofiction. The story leaves room for the reader's own thoughts and feelings.

It does not deny anything, but accepts human diversity and sexuality as an inspirational part of a larger context. Just a moment in the ashram, where an enlightened master invites a man immersed in a whirlpool of sex to a cup of tea. The divinity is ever-present, as the book's protagonist moves through the rocks and wonders of life towards an awakening. The novice can experience liberation, it's just a matter of understanding. Finally, in the last pages of the book, we find ourselves breathless, but also realizing the true spirituality. We discovered divinity by going through passion. We transformed our sexuality because we lived it first.

## *Prologue*

Intuition helps to combine fantasy and reality. We need not fear the unknown, because it may be exactly what we are looking for. Our dreams become reality. This happened to me. Because an inner morality guided my relationships with others, I ventured into the passion of life. Made a million bucks in art treasures. Eventually got off the rat race, left everything behind and followed my heart.

As a result, in the far east, my previous incarnation and my forgotten soul confronted me. In the biggest cities of the world, I lectured on the mysteries of the human mind.

My subject is not theoretical, but applies to all of us: Don't torture yourself, but experience enough sex so that one day your passion will be refined into divinity.

The story of this book, in all its complexity, is almost unbelievably simple, but this is also same about daring. When you dare to take one step towards love, then love will take a thousand steps towards you. In my case, I experienced the following as a kind of resurrection: I was freed from the shackles of the past and didn't repeat the mistakes of my ancestors any more. When a woman is not free, no one is free. As a result of this realization, I was ready to meet my soul mate and through total surrender to love, divinity descended upon us.



## *Chapter 1*

Femininity attracts masculinity – a man who walks his own path and dares to show her both his passion and his insecurities.

We all have a yearning for pleasure. Especially erotic. One of the forms of pleasure is the sensation of sweetness in the mouth, the first honeyed touch that reaches the tip of our tongue, the pleasure spreads throughout its entire area and eventually dilutes with saliva. The sweetness slowly disappears from our perception in the mouth.

Eventually we swallow that glimpse of something and want more. Sex is like honey, with the difference that it has countless nuances, flavours that we learn to know only by tasting them, not by reading about them in books.

And this "tasting" has certainly happened in my life, although I was woefully ignorant at first. Wrapped in self-pity like a blanket, living in solitary misery, hiding my own honey jar under a veil of fear. How miserable of a man it made me look when wondering why no woman came to me with her own honeyed sweetness. They did, however, come to me with various expressions of sympathy, but they also wondered at this self-inflicted hopelessness, for in reality I was already a handsome, dashing young man in the early stages of adulthood. Who could have seen through their pitying thoughts the diamond in the rough that was hiding deep inside me?

Having hidden it carefully, and so because of my own inaction and constant fears, meeting other losers like me, dreaming hopeless thoughts, while the wheels of life's pleasures whirled on for all the brave but not for us. We don't want to judge anyone with our thoughts, because then we forget what we have already

understood at the time. Why underestimate those who are fearful and yet want to break free? And especially those who are trying, even for a moment, to break out of their life-long shackles, in the grip of all sorts of inferior feelings. Far too many of us fail to want what we may not even know we want.

What could that inner unknown be, something special? Because who would want to face their ordinary, average self if there was something exciting on offer? After all, there is a treasure in all of us. This is something many people have told me, and some of these are supposed to be wise ones. Not to generalize, because stupidity is a common weakness, especially among self-centered people who call themselves wise. Which I am, no doubt, myself. All the hopeless doubt and self-loathing in me was reversed when I grew up and opened my eyes to my own sexual power. And this was the unknown I had been searching for in myself.

Be unique by being sexually attractive. No longer would I be thirteenth to the dozen. This was the turning point. One minute previously being an innocent virgin and the next minute me halfway through my manhood. Yes, indeed, like in a dream movie, with a sudden change in scenery the hero grew from a boyish boy into a man. Or was that the speed of events my own imagination?

Indeed, nothing is as simple as experiencing adulthood as I wanted things to be with my new identity as a man. Thinking that my first timid encounters with women were a guarantee that I was like those older and more experienced womanizers. After all, having followed their seductive ways very often to learn something, only to become discouraged. Seducing women seemed to require a confident personality.

But the fact was that there was nothing exciting in me to offer women other than my shyness. Some women like a man's honesty, whether or not it includes insecurity per se. Trying to hide it as best as possible, not daring to show them my authenticity at that crucial moment. To show my weakness to a woman. This is called

a stalemate. Wanting to be something new, but not being able to deliver.

Yet, one has to learn patience. No one can really grow into a super lover in one weekend.

In hindsight, the question arose in me as to why hadn't this been asked. Ask women what they thought of me. I could have taken small steps. In fact, that's what happened, although the feelings at the time were quite the opposite.

Of course, small steps become finally one big one, when at some point the long-awaited explosion finally happens, as it did for me. But even this big change was a part of smaller series of events, or perhaps better described they were a fusion of small initial events. Small changes that are at one point forgotten in the dust of time. Without them there would not have been this big change either. Maybe that's what made that day different, the feeling of waking up as if from a long dream, where you were a sissy because you thought you were, but at one moment you're not that any longer. That morning, for the first time in my life, for not having submitted to my weakness, I embraced my own strength. And this started the chain reaction of change.

Like many young men do in the morning, I woke up with an erection and started my morning routine, but after a while it occurred to me that I no longer wanted to masturbate alone. Instead of this now useless habit, It was my desire to find a woman with whom to feel more than just a momentary release of hormonal excitement. An act of relief that happened too often. This habit, which had become almost automatic, gave me nothing more than a moment's relaxation and, as a result, a day's frustration. Instead, my desire was to feel the warmth of another human being, even if only for a moment. Having been alone with my own fantasies all my youth. And now as a young adult, no longer able to fulfill the fantasies of a teenager. It was time for me to take a risk and show

my vulnerability. To show someone that I was worthy of their love, even for a moment.

Start taking the right steps towards a possible meeting. First of all, daring to look women in the eye. This may seem rather simple, but looking into their eyes brought me more in touch with a reality that was not just sunshine. Not many women looked back at me.

But everything can change in an instant. Do you dare to do it? To be completely open to another person.

*Trying to write these words in a logical and systematic way, but because my life is full of insane passion, I see several problems with this analytical way of writing. So be both patient and resourceful, among those of you who are with me in this moment of a shared continuum, so that together we can create something of our own. Togetherness. This way the entire journey is mutual, and not only about me.*

*That is the way the writer sees it, because if you write only for yourself and create a story just to clarify your own thoughts, you would get also tired very quickly. But when thinking of a person who is unknown to me, my choice of expression also comes from a place beyond my ken. Perhaps one of my sensitive readers posted them to me in his or her own thoughts beforehand. Just before this sentence was even written. It may be that once upon a time, long time ago, we sat together in a café and looked at the same interesting person in our longing for love.*

*Maybe we were face to face and looked at each other. We can't be sure of this assumption, but as in my life in general, this possibility is left open. When describing the people who have met me, I identify with them. Their thoughts that are not spoken aloud, their feelings, the flow of passion. They're in me. I am them too. Each of us has a little piece of one another, because we are all parts of one stream of consciousness.*

Let me go back in the story to the day of the change, about which you read earlier. Do you remember? Living in one of the cities of my past. A young shy man. At the beginning of the best phase of my life, its bliss just flickering somewhere on the distant horizon. It was by luck that brought me to this place of my change

of fortune, in one of the many discos where I spent my time. Not really understanding much about the rites of human life or spirituality, I was just in my own inner hopelessness, and not even the daily masturbation calmed my mind. My penis did calm down for a while, but it also seemed to follow the desperation of my thoughts, as a result of which I could not walk down the street without being looked at by women, who in turn looked not at my eyes but at the bulge in my trousers. And what they saw made them laugh very hard.

This was very embarrassing, because it was this very object that gave them all sorts of ideas, and I was too inhibited to react to their mocking looks. This stranger wanders in the realm of disco rites, his eyes searching for a point of reference, a refuge. He gazes admiringly at the attractive young women dancing. That's me, young and eager myself, but not knowing how to approach any of those embodiments of sex as they move to the rhythm of the dance. Their hips squealed as if they were detached from the rest of their bodies. The pressure inside me felt like it was building. Pretty soon I would go to the bathroom to masturbate to my own desperate longing for intimacy or dare to face one of these avatars of my desires. Finally, one of the women staring at the front of my pants asked me to dance. Surrendering immediately to the rhythm of the music, my eyes closed of their own accord and forgot I was on the dance floor with this self-possessed beauty.

The rhythmic pop music whipped my body into faster movement, and made me no longer care about my surroundings. Momentarily, as if free of all my fears. When I finally opened my eyes, the woman had already gone. Couldn't even remember her face. Perhaps it no longer mattered in the slightest. Just daring to be myself for a few seconds without fear of being mocked. Moving forward along the edge of the dance floor, stunned by my recent experience, I was at the edge of the erotic movement of the crowd. Women's buttocks and breasts swayed around me with



bewildering fervor. There was something about in the movement that caught my attention.

It stood out from the crowd. A young woman was standing on the other side of the dance floor. She was standing as still as myself, and when our eyes met, mine weren't blinking. She would be able to see this imperfect me in that moment, with all my hopes and also my fears, whilst we were still far apart, the human mass on the dance floor swaying between us like a horny multidimensional genitalia. The rhythm of the music pounded out a cacophony of facial expressions and erotic nuances, half-closed lustful eyes and open lips tinted with dazzling lipstick, and those breathless lips were a prelude to the pleasures of adulthood. We would soon be in each other's hungry arms, while we ourselves were still for a while imprisoned in our own separateness.

We began to move towards each other, as if pulled by some greater magnetic force, until finally we stood in the orgasmic center of the dance floor, the people around us wild embodiments of our shared fantasy, and only one physical meter between us. Crossing the line? There was a glimmer of this thought in those eyes looking at me, and at the same moment we were lost in our shared desire in each other's arms, our lips seeking and finding, the tips of our tongues felt like electric shocks, causing involuntary pulsations around our hips as they pressed deeper into each other. Feeling her pulse in my lower abdomen. The sensation of warmth expanded.

We didn't say a word, we left. The dance floor had done its job for us, as its primitive movement continued. The passion of dance expressed itself endlessly. We strolled, leaning on each other, through the empty streets of the city at night, drunk with our shared desire. Trying to open the doors of different cars, hoping to start making love as soon as possible with this embodiment of my dreams. My willing partner thought it was a good idea and was looking for a suitable back seat herself. Eventually we found a van in a quiet car park with the back door unlocked.

Whether you are an atheist, a believer, a sex addict or a spiritual pathfinder, you will inevitably encounter the limitations and also the challenges of your own mind on the pages of The Sex Oracle. After all, the book is a portrayal of human development as a holistic entity, in which the protagonist leaves no stone unturned in his search for the meaning in life. "Who am I?" is in fact the basic question of the book, to which the reader can relate.

"The Sex Oracle" has been interesting to read, because the author is incredibly skilful in describing his inner feelings, which are easy to identify with as he encounters both sad life situations, and also mostly pleasurable and lustful encounters, with one gorgeous woman after the other, as the author himself mentions. The text of the book is rich in lyrics and, in general, it was at times hard to put down because I was hooked. With surprising and changing situations, you had to know what was going to happen next.

– **Minna Lehtola**

**BoD**

